UNCLE MANUEL.

His Story of the Capture of Cornwallis by Washington.

For a picturesque, graphic and highly-interesting account of the military operations in these parts, by all means go to the negroes. Revolutionary flavor having been imparted to these regions by the surrender of Cornwallis, and General Washington being much talked about in the first half of this century, most of the ancient raconteurs prefer to assign their reminiscences to "de Resolution." One of the most celebrated of these minnesingers was a certain Uncle Manuel, who belonged to one of the old families on the peninsula, as the strip of land between the York and the James Rivers is called. Uncle Manuel's account of the surrender of Cornwallis does not coincide with that in the history books, but is infinitely more dramatic, interesting and unique. Uncle Manuel, who only died the other day, was a "preacher ob de gospel" and belonged indifferently to the Baptist or Methodist Church, as 'possums and watermelons were plentiful with either sect. He was a perfect terror to the young negroes, but adored by the children of the planters in the neighborhood, who found Uncle Manuel's reminiscences of distinguished American citizens entirely fascinating. He had played the fiddle with Thomas Jefferson—"afore I got religion, honey," he always explained to account for that sinful diversion; and about the same time was in the habit of putting the Marquis de Lafayette to bed when he had too much mint julep aboard—that being a native French drink. But when Uncle Manuel was surrounded by an attentive circle of childish admirers clamoring: "Do, please, tell us about General Washington, Uncle Manuel," then he would begin to protest, very much like other artists: "Now, children, you know you doan' keer nothin' 'bout ole Manuel an Marse George. You done hear him 'fore dis."

A shriek of remonstrance would go up: "Now Uncle Manuel, please, please go on," until Uncle Manuel was finally started. He always began by impressing upon his audience the extremely friendly relations between himself and General Washington, and also that this last war was a mere scrimmage. "I knowed Gineral Washington jist like I knowed ole marse. You see, I didn't belong ter Gineral Washington, but one day he was a-settin in marster's porch, an' he seen me come along, an' he says: 'Da[illegible] ar am a likely fellow. See here, Colone[illegible]l, couldn't you let me hire him for a yea[illegible] or two?' An' ole marse, who had so many on us he didn't know half on 'em by name, he says: 'Take him, Genera[illegible]. You are welcome to him, an' he am on[illegible]e of de very bes' body servants in the [illegible]State of Virginny.' So dat's how I come al[illegible]ong wid Gineral Washington; but he sen[illegible] me back to de ma[illegible]e arter de Res[illegible]lution. Dat wuz a war. Dar warn't [illegible] no fightin' hardly in Marse Linkum's w[illegible]r. Well, dat day at Yorktown we had [illegible]le wuks. Me an' Gineral Washington we[illegible]t an fit, 'twell I got so tired er killin' de[illegible] Brit-ishers I didn't know what to d[illegible]o. I [illegible]sed 'clar' I fired dat ole gun 'twell I [illegible]n' up mos' a bag ob powder—me a[illegible] Gineral Washington atween us. [illegible] never see a man load an' fire ez quick ez he—he was jes' abang bangin' quicker'n you'd count. At las' we got dem Britishers to runnin' down de road towards Williamsburg, and thousands on 'em dying by de road-side."

"But, Uncle Manuel, how could they run away down to Williamsburg when the French and Americans wouldn't let them get out from Yorktown?"

"Dey warn't no French dar, chillen. I was dar, and I ain't seen no French."

"But—but—the history book says ——"

"Well, now, wuz de history man dar? 'Kase I wuz dar, un' I tell you dey warn't no French dar—you hear me. But Gineral Washington, he was dar, an' he rid a big white hoss, an' when he lift up he foot 'twas ez big ez a dinner plate. Lord! I never see sich a hoss since. Well, arter we had got the Britishers scootin' down de road, Gineral Washington I see him huntin' roun' de field lookin' mad, an' he hollers out to me: 'Boy,' says he, 'has you seen that tarnal ole red coat, Gineral Cornwallis, any where 'bout?' An' I says to him: 'Good Lord, Marse George, I done see him dis very minute a hidin' in de fence corner by dat ar' 'simmon tree.' (Dat 'simmon tree is a-growin' yit, an' I kin show you de very place whar Gineral Cornwallis tuk ter de fence). So Gineral Washington, he galloped up, an' sho' 'nuff, dar was de ole man makin' hisself small an' tryin' ter creep under de bottom rail ob de fence. But when he seen Gineral Washington, he set up on de groun' an' his teef rattled like he had de ager, he was so skeered. An' Gineral Washington, he hollowed: 'Halt, you rascal!' Den ole Cornwallis, he say: 'G-g-gineral, I gin it up!' An' Gineral Washington, he drawed he sword——"

Here Uncle Manuel would make a deep and dreadful pause. "Honey, he drawed he sword—an'—he—cut—he—hade—right off!"—*Eastern Virginia Cor. N. Y. Mail and Express.*

First Power Printing-Press.

The first power printing-press used in this country or on this continent was invented and patented by Mr. Daniel Treadwell in 1826, and was put into operation in Batterymarch street in this city, in 1827. It was a bed and platen press of pretty large dimensions, the bed being capable of carrying a form a little larger than the ordinary hand-presses then in use. The bed was horizontal and reciprocating. The press was constructed of very large wooden timbers about twelve inches square, and a great quantity of cast and wrought iron. Connected with its huge wooden frame was a wilderness of belts, cams, pitmen, gearings, and cranks. Its weight was enormous. A very strong rotating-reciprocating vertical iron shaft gave motion to its numerous complicated parts.—*Boston Journal.*

The Anecdote.

Out of every one thousand people born into this world of sin and sorrow, nine hundred and ninety-nine either do not know a good story when they hear it, forget it after they have heard it, do not know how to repeat it themselves, or haven't good judgment about when to introduce it. I lay down this grand principle, as I am laying down all my grand principles this season, without fear of successful contradiction.

I listened to a very fair amateur campaign speech the other evening—very fair, with one exception. The anecdotes were not made to illustrate the speech, but the speech had been distorted to fit the anecdotes. You know an artist sometimes strikes a good idea in a picture and sometimes writes up to the illustration instead of writing a good thing and then having it illustrated incidentally. That's the way it was with that speech.

To discriminate between a good story and a poor one, to remember the good ones and forget the poor ones, to bring in the right one at the right moment, and to do it as naturally as the startled mud-turtle seeks the bosom of the rolling deep, requires sang froid, naivete, chic, pro bono publico and horse sense. These qualities are rarely united in one individual. Chic is useless without pro bono publico, and both are N. G. without what Herbert Spencer has so charmingly characterized as horse sense.

The world is peopled with denizens who are constantly telling anecdotes that claim to be facetious, but do not seem to get there. How often is the joyous group thrown into spasms by the scrap-book story-teller, who joyously sows the seeds of hypochondria everywhere.

Some men can never take a hint. They go through life telling the same gloom-environed funny stories, cheerfully shoving their bantlings of the alleged brain under the noses of law-abiding citizens, inviting scorn and contumely, bravely laughing at their own salt-rheum humor and never acquiring the moral courage to take a grand North American tumble to themselves.

Most people dislike to give needless pain. Unless a man is cruel and malicious in his disposition he will not twice in the same manner wound the feelings of his friend; and yet we are constantly running across the man who has again and again grieved and saddened the hearts of his friends with the same depressing tale, resurrected from the humorous catacombs of the almanac to poison the pure air with its pestilential breath.

One thing is absolutely certain to me. I feel it as strongly as ever our forefathers felt the first throb of freedom, and I wonder that neither political party has embodied the principle in its platform. This can never be a peaceful, prosperous and progressive people, morally and physically free, until the strong hand of the law shall reveal itself like a club-flush, and quarantine the effete, pestiferous, miasmatic, fungus anecdote of our boasted American institutions, which like the large red picnic ant has planted itself between the [illegible]houlder-blades of liberty and defies the [illegible]vil, the military and the naval forces of [illegible]he Nation to dislodge it. (Heart-brok[illegible]en sobs.)—*Bill Nye, in Detroit Free Press.*

The House of Landlords.

The Hou[illegible]e of Lords is often called the House of La[illegible]dlords, not without reason, since out of [illegible] privileged to legislate for the country—or as some say, themselves—no less than 440 are landlords in the fullest sense of the term: that is, they derive the whole or the greater part of their revenues from land. Fifteen million acres of land, with an aggregate rent roll of nearly £15,000,000, represent their property and income, while another £750,000, in the shape of pensions, annuities and salaries also falls annually to the lot of the privileged class. In addition to this, no one can yet properly compute the sums which are drawn yearly by their relations and hangers-on from the National Exche[illegible]uer, but it has been reckoned that within the last thirty years about £70,000,000, has been paid to sons, grand sons, cousins, etc., of titled families for more or less—generally less—active services rendered to the State. Nearly half the members of the upper house hold or have held commissions in the army and navy, and seventy new peerages have been created within the past ten years.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Scandinavians for House Servants.

The difficulty in obtaining good, steady, trustworthy household servants is no less in England than in America. In the hope of finding relief a number of English families have begun the importation of Norwegian girls for domestic service. Those who have accepted places give much satisfaction. They are spoken of as giantesses in size, the possessors of hands and feet modeled upon nature's broadest plan, and showing great good nature. They can't speak a word of English, but seem willing to learn, and are wonderfully patient on washing days with children and pug dogs. This description accords with the experience of the employers of the Scandinavian servant girls in the West, especially in Minnesota, where they are largely employed in domestic service, and are highly appreciated for their industry and other good qualities.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—Never condemn your neighbor unheard, however many the accusations preferred against him: every story has two sides.

The Man Who Doesn't.

We fear there are very many good men who have succeeded in deluding themselves into the belief that an annual vacation is something born of evil and too frivolous to be considered. We humbly submit that this is a mistake. What does it avail a man to save two or three years in a lifetime that might profitably be spent in vacations and die ten years too soon?

The man who doesn't take a vacation loses half the fun of life. After a time he only begins to have a glimmering perception of a joke, and eventually he forgets how to laugh.

The man who doesn't take a vacation by-and-by neglects to kiss his wife, and the lips whose honey in former days he was wont to hang upon until he threatened to wear them out shrivel and take on the flavor of sawdust, and part only in fast-increasing asperity.

The man who doesn't take a vacation after a season begins to be jarred in his soul by the laughter of a child, and it is only a question of time when he shall take to wearing a shawl and carrying a potato in his pocket for rheumatism.

The man who doesn't take a vacation waxes prematurely old. Dust accumulates upon his coat collar, his trousers shrivel from the foot and bag hopelessly at the knee, and he begins to exhibit an aversion to taking a bath oftener than once a month and then only in warm weather.

The man who doesn't take a vacation is a failure. His neighbor's hens scratch up his early seed, the Assessors tax him for double what he is worth, his horse breaks through the stable floor and snaps a leg, he goes to the polls and votes the wrong ticket through mistake, his daughter elopes with a sewing-machine man while a book-agent is detaining him in the parlor with a campaign life of the opposition candidate, and a raspberry seed gets under the plate of his false teeth when the minister is present at supper and he creates a scandal that convulses the parish to its very periphery. The life of that man is sorrow and vexation of spirit, and his life goes out and leaves no radiated beam.

But the man who annually lays off the cares of business as a cloak, and gets him away even briefly to other scenes—ah, that man is blessed. Prosperity attendeth all his ways, he buys pasture-land and finds a coal-mine in it, a relative dies in foreign parts and leaves him money, he groweth stronger and heartier as the years go by, everybody admires him, children love to imitate the music of his laugh, his family reverence his every wish, the tax-collector loves him, when he is nominated for office the other side turns to and votes for him to a man, and the career of that man is happiness and his end is peace.

Therefore, dearly beloved, this epistle is unto you, and we do adjure you by the longest hair of the prophet's beard that thenceforth you shun the way of the unwise one, and be no longer as the man who doesn't take a vacation. —*Rockland Courier-Gazette.*

The Prince of Wales and the Farmer.

During his collegiate life the Prince met with an amusing adventure, which proved that "the divinity that doth hedge a King" does not always obtain immunity for the heir apparent. In company with Colonel Keppel, Mr. Herbert Fisher, his private tutor, Earl Brownlow and other sportsmen, he on one occasion went out with the South Oxfordshire hounds, but, meeting with indifferent sport, the party determined on a ride across country. Reaching Barton, they made their way across the lands of Farmer Hedges, a man of choleric temper and possessing a wholesome dislike of trespassers. The party, in perfect ignorance of the character of the sturdy farmer, rode up into his farm-yard; whereupon Farmer Hedges presented himself, armed with a pitchfork, and, closing his gates upon his uninvited guests, levied a fine of a sovereign for damages, and intimated, in a manner that was unmistakable, that none of the party should quit till he had pocketed the amount. The party treated the matter lightly, believing that, as soon as the farmer became acquainted with the rank of his principal visitor, he would humbly sue for the Royal clemency: but they were mistaken, for on being informed that it was the future King of England he was detaining, he exclaimed: "Prince or no Prince, I'll have my money." This species of blunt John Bullism amused the Prince immensely, though the rest of the party were much annoyed by the obstinacy of the farmer. There was nothing, however, to be done but to submit. The fine was accordingly paid, and the royal party released.—*English Paper.*

She Went Off in the Rain.

A very innocent-looking old man who who had been waiting twenty-eight hours for a Lake Superior boat, and who was told to be at the foot of Woodward avenue at noon yesterday, came slouching down to the wharf about four o'clock p. m., and mildly queried:

"So the boat isn't in yet?"

"In! Why, she's come and gone: Got in before noon and laid three hours."

"Mercy! but I was to go on that boat!"

"Didn't the agent tell you when to come?"

"Yes, he said at noon, but I was looking around town, and it sot in to rain, and I supposed she'd wait until after it cleared up. You don't mean she went off in the shower?"

"Yes, she did."

"Right in the pouring rain?"

"Yes, sir."

"La! suz, but I wouldn't have believed they'd do it! Mebbe it's just as well I didn't go, for I've nothing but this old umbrella, and gettin' wet allus brings on the rheumatis."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Subscribe for the SUNDAY BAZOO.

Forgotten Valuables.

A messenger boy ran up to J. E. Kingsley in the Continental Hotel and handed him a telegram. Mr. Kingsley tore open the envelope and read this message:

SARATOGA SPRINGS—For heaven's sake, send my spectacles at once. I can't see. I left them in room 18 night before last.

"Have this attended to at once," said Mr. Kingsley, handing the dispatch to Cashier Stokes.

The cashier went to the big safe back of the key-rack and pulled out a basketful of gold watches, spectacles, rings and other things. They had all been left behind in the course of years by guests of the hotel. The cashier fished out from the collection a pair of spectacles, to which was attached a little tag on which was written: "Found in room 18, September 3, 1884." The spectacles were immediately mailed to their owner at Saratoga.

"Do you receive many communications like that telegram?" a *Times* reporter asked.

"Yes; telegrams or letters inquiring for watches, rings, pocket-books, and everything a traveler carries, come to us every day. We've got lots of things that have not been asked for. We shall keep them so long as we have a hotel here. Everything found is put away and carefully tagged with its history."

"Do guests frequently leave valuables after them?" said Clerk Cormack, of the Girard House, echoing the reporter's question. "I should say they did; so frequently, indeed, that we've got a man, known as the property clerk, whose duty it is to take charge of everything left in the rooms and try to trace the owners. Sometimes he succeeds and sometimes he does not. Only this morning we received a letter inquiring for a seal ring that was left on a wash-stand. The writer said he valued the ring because it was an heirloom. We hunted up the man's name on the register and found what room he had occupied and then went to the safe and found the ring labeled. The ring's on its way now to Wheeling, W. Va. A guest with barely time to make a train and a thousand and one things to do in that time will be pretty sure to leave a pair of slippers under the bed, a night-gown under the pillow, or a watch on the mantelpiece, or an umbrella or cane in the corner of the room. General Simon Cameron, with just three minutes to reach the Broad Street Station, started one morning in a carriage for the eleven o'clock train. Ten minutes afterward I was surprised to see him walk into the hotel office. 'I had to let the train go,' he said, laughingly; 'I left my spectacles upstairs. I can't go without them; I swear by 'em.' A porter found the glasses, but General Cameron had to stay until 5:30 before he got another train.

"Last week a patron of the house, who lives in Harrisburg, came down and staid over night. When he came to the office in the morning to pay his bill he fumbled through his pockets, looked at me with a puzzled expression, and said: 'I haven't any money; why, I've been robbed. I know all about it now. I went to a theater last night, and afterward rode in a horse-car. The car was crowded, and I stood up and grasped a strap with my right hand, that pulled my coat away from my vest. I had $300 in bills in one roll in my right-hand vest pocket.' Of course he didn't pay his hotel bill, and I even had to loan him $10 to take him back to Harrisburg. He hadn't got twenty miles out of town before the chambermaid who fixed up the room that he had occupied brought the man's roll down to the office. She said she found it under the pillow of his bed. I telegraphed to Harrisburg, and that night received a reply telling me to take the amount of the hotel bill and $10 out of the roll and transfer the remainder by telegraph. We had a hot time here several months ago about a lady's solitaire diamond ear-ring. She lost it in bed, and made a great time about her loss. We took all the furniture apart, ripped up the carpets, in fact pulled everything out of the room, but the diamond could not be found. The woman accused the poor chambermaid of stealing it, but we felt satisfied that the servant was innocent. Two months afterward the diamond was found in the mattress. It had caught under one of the buttons that hold the hair in place, and had remained secreted there all that time.

"We have several watches in the safe that have been left under pillows, a few pairs of bracelets, lots of gum shoes and slippers, a book case full of novels, packs of playing-cards, pocket-knives, razors, hair-brushes and combs, and various other things—I suppose enough to start a regular pawn-broker's auction store. There is any number of umbrellas and canes. But night-gowns beat everything. They have been accumulating for years, and we've got over five hundred of them, some elaborately embroidered. A few are trimmed with expensive lace and a great many are prettily marked with the owners' initials. Hardly a day passes without our receiving a letter asking after the fate of a certain night-gown. Some people won't write for them, and wouldn't admit the ownership of them if we should forward them. I received a letter from a lady this morning asking us to look up a night-gown that was left here more than two months ago. I suppose we'll be able to find it. Nearly every day a night-gown is sent to the laundry; a label is then put on it, showing the room it was found in and the date, and then it is packed away with the other night-gowns to be kept until called for. There are a hundred of them, yellow with age. Annie Pixley, the actress, left a white satin night-dress here the last time she played in this city. It was embroidered all down the front with a dozen different kinds of sewing silk, and must have cost seventy-five dollars. We sent it to her in a few days after she left here."—*Philadelphia Times.*

—Take the BAZOO.

Cycling Through Germany.

An English bicyclist describes in the London *Standard* his journey alone through Germany. "From its start at Berlin," he says, "to its finish at Cologne, the trip covered several hundred miles, and extended over three kingdoms—Prussia, Saxony and Bavaria—and half a dozen smaller principalities; every day, and indeed, almost every mile of the road, having its peculiar interest and charm, which any mere guide-book summary would spoil. The most picturesque and interesting section of the journey was perhaps the run through the Thuringian Forest, from Gotha to Schmalkalden, and it was also the shortest, or should have been if I had taken the direct road; but I was misdirected at Fredrichsroda, and sent wandering across the hills by a side road that added some ten or fifteen miles to the day's run, and filled it with novel experiences, some the reverse of pleasant. Leaving Gotha in the early morning, I reached the borders of the forest in about half an hour, and, after a magnificent run of some ten or twelve miles in complete sylvan solitude, halted for breakfast at Reinhardsbrunn, a well-known mineral spring, where a good hotel has been built in one of the most charming spots in the whole forest. All round is the dense pine wood, while in front lie a series of little lakes, whose surface looks as black as ebony in the shadow of the dark green foliage, and whose glassy smoothness is only rippled by the lazy leaping of an occasional trout. Unfortunately, I at one time got to the wrong side of a very stiff ridge of hills which I had to cross before reaching Schmalkalden, and the rain now began to come down heavily. All things considered the situation was not cheerful, but in half an hour the sun had again broken out, and so I rode down through the little village of Tambach, and began the work of serious hill-climbing under somewhat better circumstances than I had ventured to expect. For close on eight miles it was a steady rise, and the road being rather wet and heavy I had to walk myself and push my machine up the greater part of the way. Once the top was reached, however, all my troubles were forgotten. I passed from Saxe-Coburg into a patch of country that used to belong to Electoral Hesse, and now, of course, is incorporated into Prussia, and found a good road, and a long steady descent. No one could long resist the exhileration produced by silently shooting down such a hill, without the slightest exertion, at the rate of about twenty miles an hour, with jacket thrown open and helmet off to get the full advantage of the delightful breeze. This is another of the charms of cycling—the constant change and variety of sensations being enough to make the most confirmed hypochondriac 'feel jolly.'"

The Mule's Superior Intelligence.

During a chat with the foreman of the street car stables, James E. Barry, the subject turned to a discussion of the characteristics of horses and mules. He has been a close student of both, and the result of his experience is that the mule is entitled to the higher rank in sagacity.

Mr. Barry went on to say that the superiority of the mule is shown in his absolute refusal to put his foot in a hole in a bridge or crossing. Horses seem to endeavor to find a hole, if there is any lying around, and break their legs. This a mule will not do, nor can he be forced to advance if he thinks there is danger. "The horse," said Mr. Barry, "has more courage, the mule more sense."

It has been an amusing study at one of the stables to watch a sly, mischievous little mule that is rather too fond of liberty. It seems that the mules are fastened to their stalls by a chain, on the end of which is a crosspiece of iron, which is slipped lengthwise through a hole in the stall, and when extended crossways over the hole prevents the chain being withdrawn. This mule, when standing in his manger, with his teeth and tongue manages to slip the crosspiece attached to the chain out of the hole, and then cautiously backs out the full length of the chain and surveys the field. If there be a stableman in sight he re-enters the stall and waits demurely until the coast is clear, when he comes out quickly and makes a dash for liberty and the street. Sometimes it requires all hands to catch him and bring him back.

In the yard of one of the down-town stables there is a post to which four mules are generally tied after being curried. There was recently one mule there that was fond of slipping its chain-tag through the ring in the post, and then, to allow its mates to share in its liberty, he loosened the others. This he did so often he had to be closely watched.—*N. O. Times-Democrat*

Wanted Australia.

A man was standing on a street corner in Bloomington, bragging about his broad acres, the other day, when a stranger walked up to him and said:

"Say, mister, what will you take for an undivided half-interest in Australia?"

"Australia!"

"Yes; and if your terms are reasonable, may be I'll take a third of South America and four shares in Africa."

"South America! Africa! What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean that I'm on a trade, and if you've got any bargains to offer, here's a chap that'll take 'em every time. Come, now, set your price. I'm on a dicker, you bet."

"Well, sir," said the boaster, drawing himself up pompously, "I guess about forty acres is all you could buy. I'll sell you a forty for $2,200."

"Forty acres! Bah! I don't want anything less than a continent."

"Well, sir, I do not own a continent."

"You don't? Why, I thought from your talk you owned the world." The boaster is now asking every body he meets if he was insulted.—*Bloomington Through Mail.*